

all new

The

FLINTSTONES



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Production

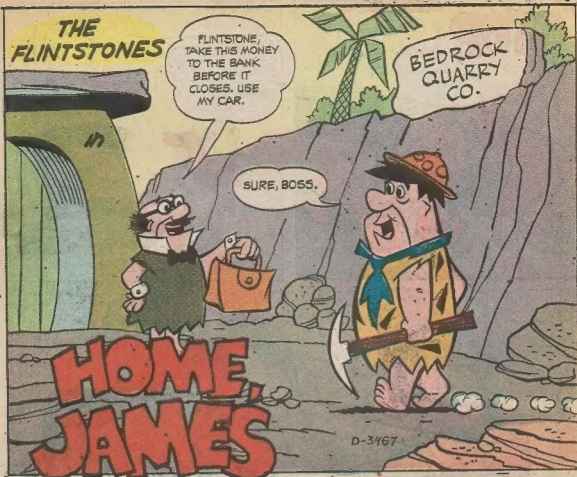
THE FLINTSTONES & PEBBLES

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RAY
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THE FLINTSTONES



HOME, JAMES

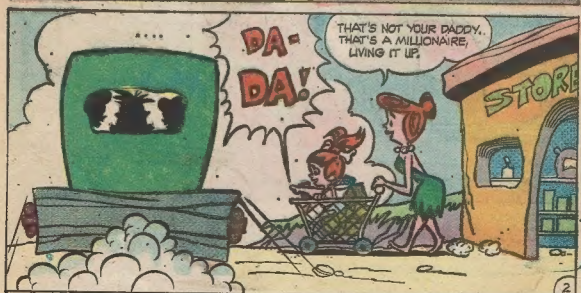
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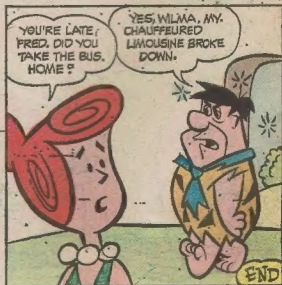
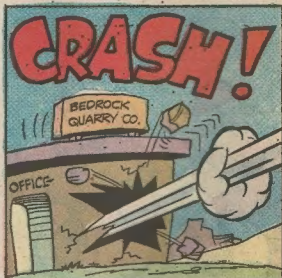
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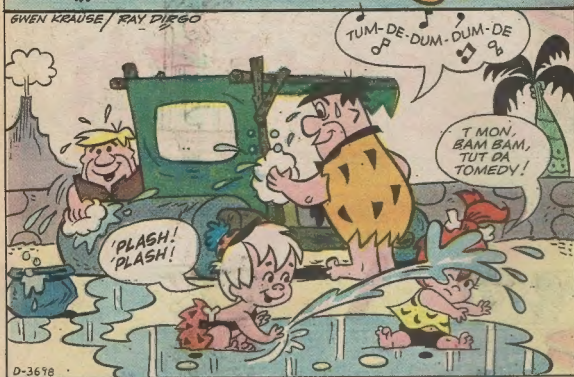


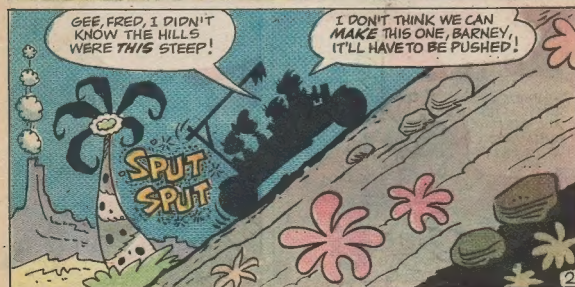
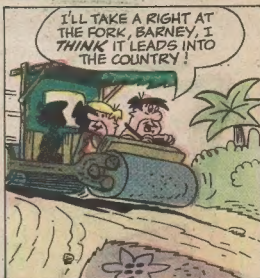
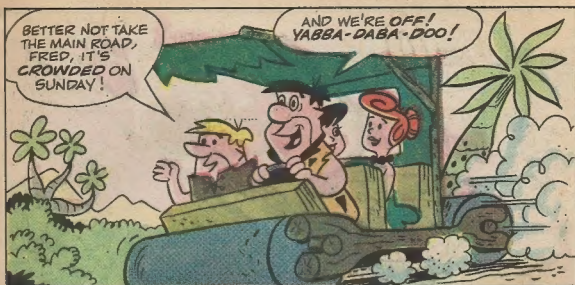


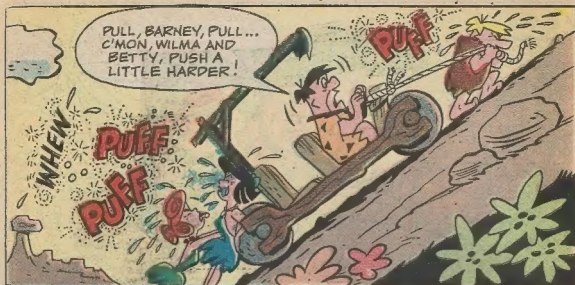
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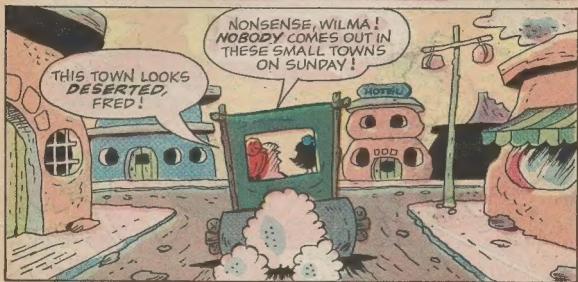
A Sunday Ride

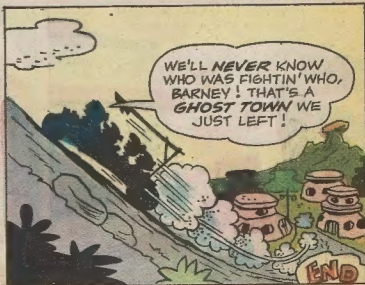
GWEN KRAUSE / RAY DIRGO

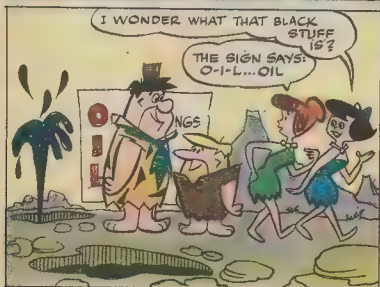
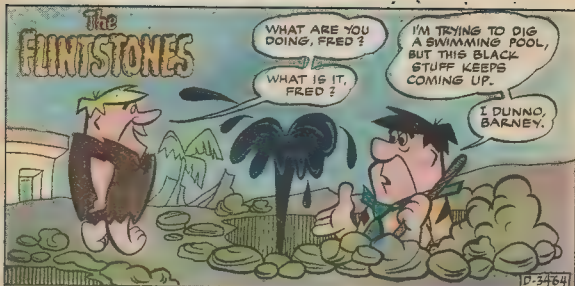










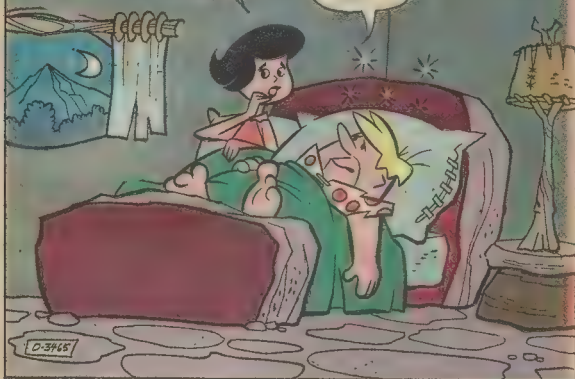


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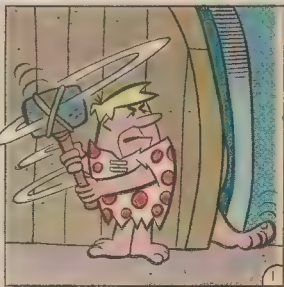
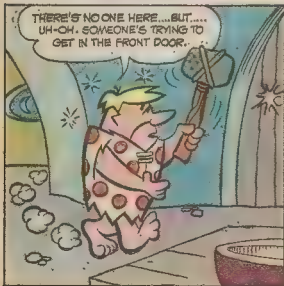
MIDNIGHT STROLL

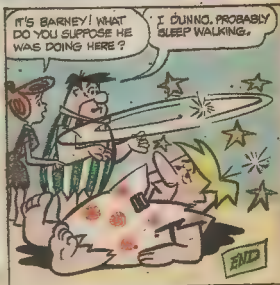
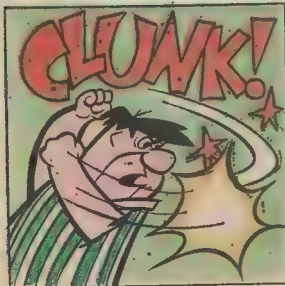
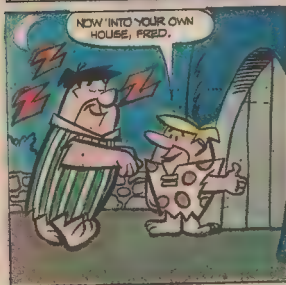
WAKE UP, BARNEY.
I HEAR A NOISE. MAYBE
IT'S A BURGLAR.

OKAY. I'LL
GO DOWN AND
TAKE A
LOOK.

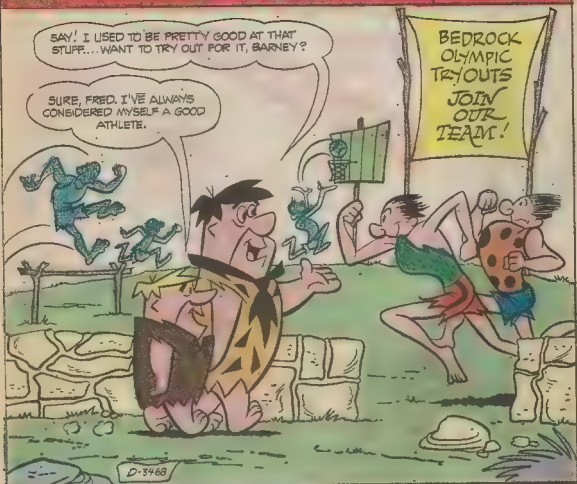


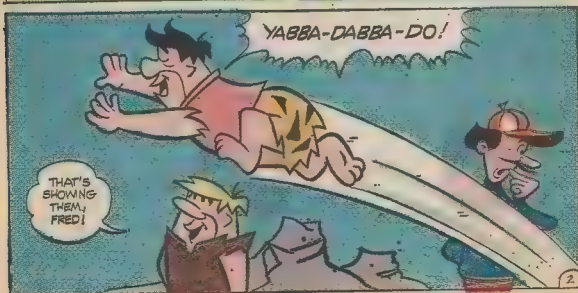
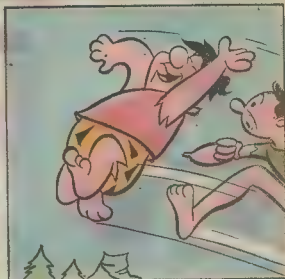
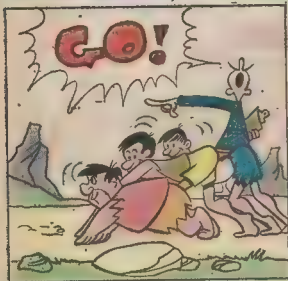
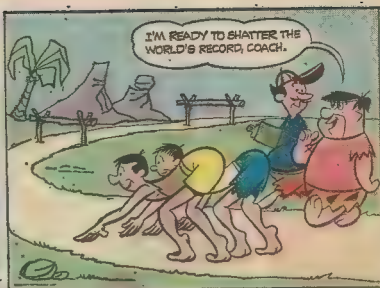
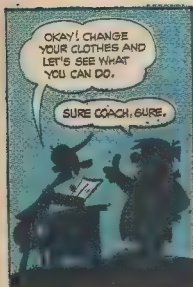
THERE'S NO ONE HERE....BUT.....
UH-OH. SOMEONE'S TRYING TO
GET IN THE FRONT DOOR..

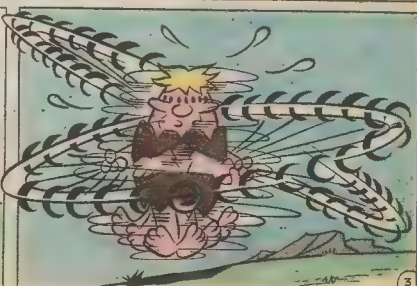
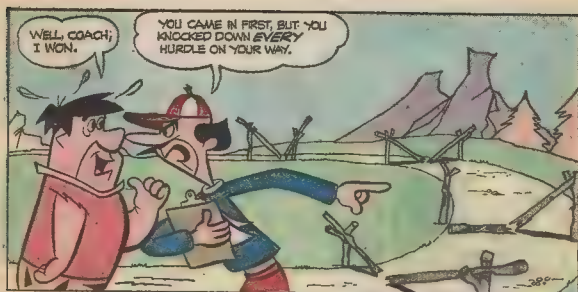


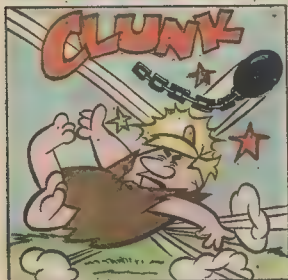
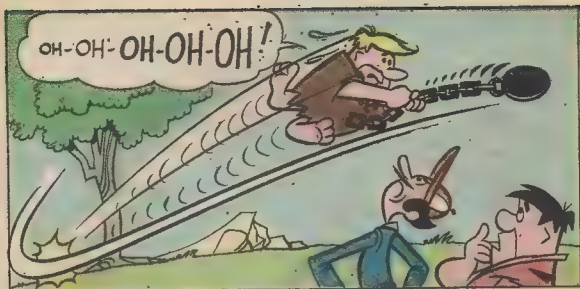


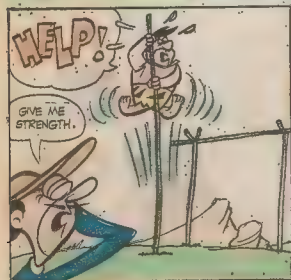
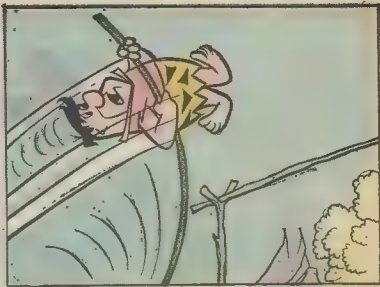
The FLINTSTONES THE TRYOUTS











BONERS, MOANERS, AND GROANERS!

Harold Gluck.

For more than thirty years I have taught those darling little children in the grade schools. (It has been necessary for me to give them examinations on what they should have studied and should have learned. Sometimes the examination is written. Other times it is oral. I also have to ask them questions about what they are doing. One thing is certain: If teacher is not clear in pronouncing a word or doesn't make the meaning clear of a thought, those little kids will give you unusual answers.) The kids always enjoyed trying to catch teacher with a riddle or puzzle. Or find something that the teacher doesn't know. And how happy a boy or girl is when this has been accomplished.

David Benson came to our school from a city in the mid-west. He was a very bright boy. In those days we had what was called "skip-a-class." Depending upon his scholastic average and age, a pupil could go ahead and skip a class. Thus, if he were in 5A, he didn't have to be promoted to 5B but could skip that class and go into 6A. Thus save a half year of school.

I recommended to our principal that David Benson be skipped when promotion time came. This depended upon his age. So the clerk looked up his transfer records and sent for me.

"If he were born on April 15, then he is not eligible to be skipped. But if he were born on April 25, then he is eligible. I can't tell whether the number is 1 or 2."

We called up his home on the phone and learned to our amazement his parents were travelling in Europe. They had hired a woman to take care of him. She didn't know his birthday. Couldn't give us a lead to any relative of the family. So the principal sent for me and David Benson. Explained how important it was that we have his exact birthday. Was it April 15 or April 25?

his voice.

"But how can you be so certain about it?" demanded the principal.

"I was there, wasn't I?" he smiled. "And you weren't there. So I should know when I was born."

That almost floored the principal. The kid certainly had the answer on the tip of his tongue. And later it turned out he was correct.

And now comes one of the biggest boners I ever made in my entire teaching career. Once a year we have

"open school week." Parents and others are invited to come to the school. Every student in my class was instructed to write a letter inviting a parent or other relative to come to school on Tuesday. That was the day set aside for the classes in our grade. Seems that somehow I forgot to inform my students not to bring their little brothers or sisters.

And on Tuesday morning, Peter Willey showed up with his kid brother, Jerry, aged 4. What was I to do? "Take good care of him," I warned Peter. "Keep him out of trouble. And did you bring lunch for him also?"

Peter Willey showed me his lunch box with the extra goodies that mother had packed for the two of them. The little kid was thrilled at being in school with his "older" brother. Things went fine until lunch time. I took my class down to the school lunchroom. And then ten minutes later it all began. Little Jerry started to wander around the lunch room. I guess to see the sights. And he spotted an empty 40-quart milk can near the wall. Into it he climbed. Simple as all of that.

With his head just showing over the edge of the can. A teacher spotted him and asked him to get out. He couldn't move an inch. Later somebody remarked he reminded one of a knight of old in ill-fitting armor. Stuck in it. The head of the lunch room came over. What to do? How to get the kid out of that can? Without injuring him, of course.

Somebody suggested that if you swabbed his shoulders with raw eggs it would enable him to slip out. We got to the scene at once. They cracked open two dozen eggs. And poured them over his shoulders. It didn't work at all. The custodian of the school came.

"If we cut open the can, we can hurt him. Let me get an emergency truck from the fire house."

The Superintendent of our District, Dr. Williamson, was in the school. He took charge of things and somehow photographers appeared on the scene. And then the firemen came. Six of them. To rescue the trapped kid.

"Turn the can upside down," suggested one fireman. Which they did but that didn't help.

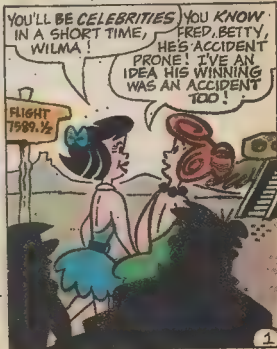
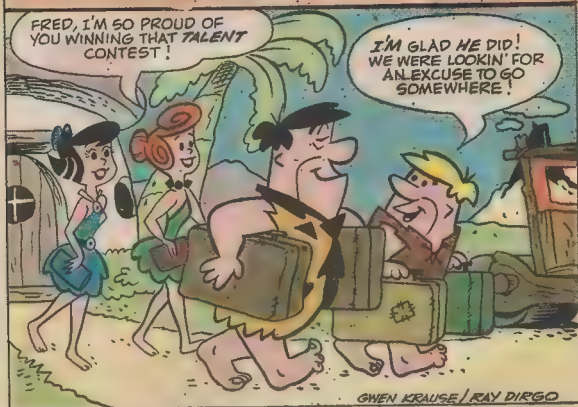
Then suddenly Dr. Williamson got an idea. And it worked. All he did was to say the following:

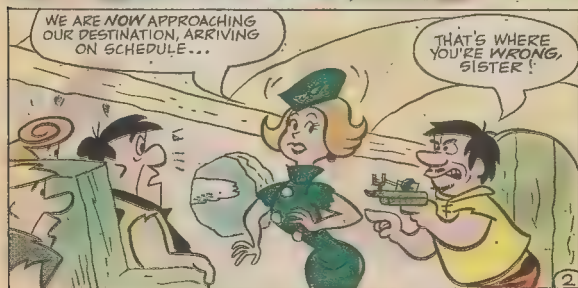
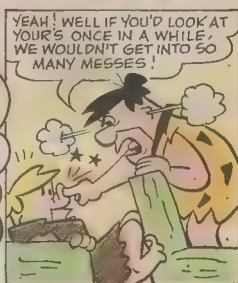
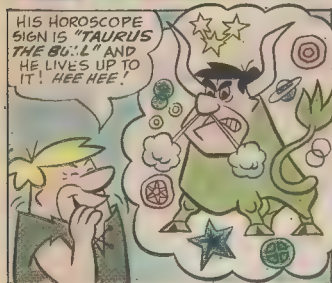
"We are having free ice cream. Come and get yours."

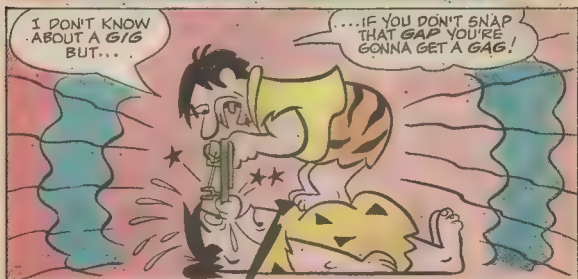
And thus little Jerry managed to squeeze out. He and the District Superintendent were the heroes. And got their pictures in the newspapers. You can figure out why I wasn't scolded for this boner.

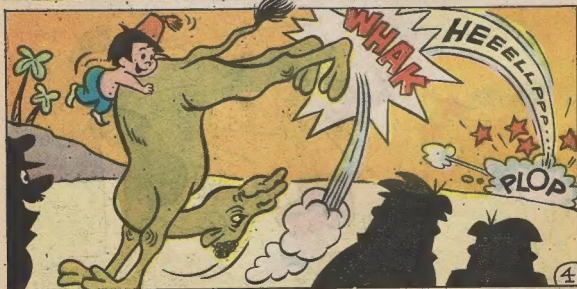
THE
FLINTSTONES
in

FLYIN' HIGH!



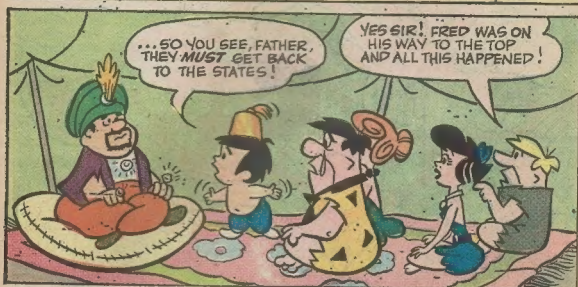
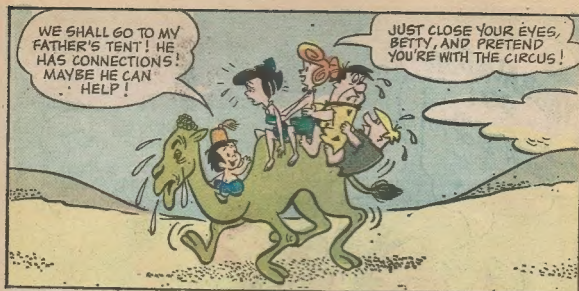








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YABBA-DABBA-DO!

BEDROCK, WE'RE
COMIN' BACK TO
YOU!

HEE HEE!
YOU DIDN'T EVEN
MAKE THE CONTEST;
FRED, AND WE'RE
ALL FLYIN' HIGH!

HE FLIES THROUGH
THE AIR WITH THE
GREATEST OF
EASE!!



END